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— THE —



“JOLLY JUBILEE”

➤ BLAINE & LOGAN ➤



CAMPAIGN SONGSTER,

— BY —

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William Dennis Stocking.



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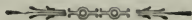


PREFACE.

The Author has adapted these Songs to familiar and popular airs, for campaign purposes, to avoid the necessity of rehearsing or learning new ones, should the public not have time or inclination to do so.

He will be well gratified should they materially assist in creating an enthusiasm among the masses, and forwarding the good cause which every loyal citizen has at heart.

"The Jolly Jubilee."



Air—"Marching Through Georgia," Key of Bb.

I.

Raise the good old banner, boys, send abroad the song,
O'er the hills and valleys wide of fifty millions strong,
Let the breeze the chorus float, all the world along,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll have a jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! A jolly jubilee!
When the vote is counted from the mountains to the sea,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!

II.

Brothers, sisters, mothers dear, and lassies help us through!
Rally round the starry flag—there's work we all can do,
For the men who never trail the old Red, White and Blue,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

III.

Never furl the flag until the battle's fought and won—
From Atlantic's crested Main(e) that greets the rising sun,
Cometh forth a standard-bearer never born to run—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

IV.

When the other fellers brag and pompously do prate
Of their leaders' intellect and brains of po(u)nderous weight,
Bid them up Salt River get with all their heavy freight—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

V.

When the fight is over, boys, the fallen we will raise;
Soothe 'em with an office if they walk in Wisdom's ways
And vote for good Republicans the balance of their days,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

VI.

[Malne?"]

When we answer back the call, say: "Have you heard from
"Yes," and "Got 'em sure, boys, their labor's all in vain;"
Then we'll wait Inauguration Day to come again—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

VII.

Raise 'er boys, raise 'er sharp, rise 'em once again!
For the boy of Illinois and gallant man of Malne—
On November next we'll pass the bird and flag to Blaine,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!
CHORUS:—Hurrah! Hurrah! Etc.

"Pass on the Word, Boys."

—(2)(2)—

Air—"Pull for the Shore." Key of G.

I.

Sound forth the rally call! Boys, fall into line!
See, on our banner fair, what names brightly shine!
Stand till the conflict's over!—from sun to sun
Sheathe no blade, or strike a tent, till victory's won!

CHORUS:—Pass on the word, boys, all along the line!
Hurrah for the chieftan's of the prairie and the pine!
Till cheers of victory mingle with the cannon's roar,
And Blaine declared our President from shore to shore.

II.

Step to the music, boys, don't waver an inch;
Threats can't appal the heart that faileth to flinch:
March tho' the heat is sultry—biting the blast;
Home and joy with victory cometh sweeter at last.

CHORUS:—Pass on the word, boys! Etc.

III.

If aggravated by the wily woe,
Keep cool the cranium and all "go slow;"
Shoulder to shoulder stand, a few inches higher;
Watch 'em for the nick of time to send a good fire.

CHORUS:—Pass on the word, boys! Etc.

IV.

Mud, muck and dirt, were better slung by a slave
Than one that battles with the free and the brave;
Soil is neither *bullet* or a *ballot* that will count:
Don't retaliate *that way* to *any* amount.

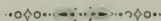
CHORUS:—Pass on the word, boys! Etc.

V.

Manhood has now command of our bonnie ship—
Watch! to the *canvas(s)* that the ropes never slip;
Crew, do your duty well, and good Captain Blaine
Never will refuse to send you cruising again.

CHORUS:—Pass on the word, boys! Etc.

"The Clevelanders' Sweet Home."



Air—"Home, Sweet Home." Key, Flat.

I.

'Mid 'lections and primaries, tho' oft-times we'd vote—
The promise of *cash* dwindled down to a *note*;
The charm of the *coin* endeth all in a snare—
We seek it all day long, we find it *nowhere*.

CHORUS:—Come! Come! Boys come home—
There's no place for us, boys,
No comfort but home.

II.

It's all the same to-day, boys, as ever before,
The Clevelanders' *bait* us, but *see us* no more—
The fact is they're down cast, their pockets *patn* low.
They thought to elect *him*, but 'taint any go.

CHORUS:—Come! Come! Etc.

III.

We never can break them Republicans' grip--
They stick on like leeches, when full never slip;
The reason's well known, and is patent besides--
They're true to their country, their friends and their brides.

CHORUS:—Come! Come! Etc.

IV.

Now if it were *thusly* with Cleveland & Co.,
They'd have the *dinero* to pay as they go;
But since they have weakened we'll leave them at home—
There's no place like home, boys, let's all get to home.

CHORUS:—Come! Come! Etc.

The Democrats' "Sweet By-and-By."



(Varied Solo Chorus.)

Air—"Sweet By-and-By." Key of G.

I.

There is hungering and thirsting to-day;
Yea, a gnawing the visage doth mar;
In the dens where the Democrats *prey*,
For the "loaves and the fishes" afar.

CHORUS:—In the sweet by-and-by,
When they hope for an office or *more*;
But that sweet by-and-by
Seems as far off as ever before.

II.

The shebangs good Republicans run
Are supplied with the best at command;
For "the righteous (*this* promise is *one*)
Shall all eat of the fat of the land."

CHORUS:—In that sweet by and by
They will all be well fed as before;
But *that* sweet by-and-by
Will *not* feed Democrats any more.

III.

They're a patient, enduring old race;
Quite contented to "labor and wait,"
For the "sweet by-and-by" and a place,
Be it first, second, third or fourth-rate.

CHORUS:—In the sweet by-and-by
They have hopes of an office or *more*,
But that sweet by-and-by
Seems as distant as ever before.

IV.

How they watch, *how* they wait, *how* they pray;
For they *do prey*, as stated before,
For that good, that millennial day
When an office will *last evermore*.

CHORUS:—For that sweet by-and-by
They do yearn and entreat and implore,
But that sweet by-and-by
Leaves them "out in the cold" as before.

V.

From their empty old cribs they must flee;
If they get what they *muchly* desire,
For the "loaves and the fishes" will be,
Always found at Republican fires.

CHORUS:—In the sweet by-and-by
When they hope for the good days of yore;
In that sweet by-and-by
Democrats hold an office no more.

"The Man of Maine."



Air—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." Key of F.

I.

"Way deown in Maine," where the sun, they say,
With crowbars up they pry;—
Like the tall old pines, the people say,
"One Blaine" stands *very* high.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hurrah for Jimmy Blaine!
O, the Nation's voice and the people's choice,
Is for the man of Maine.

II.

He's built of timber good and tough—
As stiff as any mast
That floats upon Atlantic's tide
From out his forests vast.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah!

III.

His purposes are nobly grand,
His vertebræ won't fail;
The stars and Stripes safe in his hand,
He'll never let them trail.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah!

IV.

And so all potentates will find
If they *should* interfere,
To take advantage, now you mind,
He'll take *them* by the ear.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah!

V.

Oh, he's the boy to win the fight,
Of all within our view,
And beat the Opposition till
Their optics change their hue.

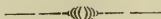
CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah!

VI.

Then forward march with steady tread—
Good Blaine and Logan true,
Advancing at our column's head,
Will conquering bring us through.

CHORUS:—Then hip, hurrah!

Oh! We Cannot Vote for Cleveland, Boys.



Air—"Wearing of the Green." Key of F.

I.

All the people are "enthusing," from the mountains to the sea,
And gathering their forces for the battle yet to be;
But the day is dawning brightly and America will stand,
With liberty triumphant over all this happy land.

CHORUS:—Oh, we cannot vote for Cleveland, boys,
We're not so very green,
For we have the finest candidates
That ever yet were seen;
As the track is sound and all is running
Smoothly as a plane,
Come! take a seat upon the cars
Of Blaine and Logan's train.

II.

We are going now to labor till November Ides shall bring
A just reward for all our toil, a grateful offering—
A chaplet of the Nation's laurels, ever blooming green,
That never yet upon the brow of sluggard hath been seen.

CHORUS:—Oh, we cannot vote, etc.

III.

As we'll need a little resting when the goodly work is done,
We think we'll go to Washington, and have a little fun;
For our leaders do invite us all to come around that way,
And meet them on the "White House" steps Inauguration Day.

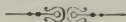
CHORUS:—Oh, we cannot vote, etc.

IV.

What a circus there will be, boys, when your Cleveland herd
take note
How their little tub of feed is gone, and never once a shote
Gets his greedy nose in Sammy's crib to crack the golden corn,
Or any hungry steer shall poke his plundering old horn.

CHORUS:—Oh, we cannot vote, etc.

"Our Ticket Forever."



Air—"Battle Cry of Freedom." Key of D.

I.

All the people are awake, for they have a game to play:
The cards are being shuffled by the nation:
And their aim is now to check all the rulers who would sway
Our country from its high and noble station.

CHORUS:—Our ticket forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
List to the echo, that soundeth afar!
As we rally round our leaders to cheer them on again,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Blaine and Logan!

II.

There's a man "away down East," and another in the West,
Have buckled on the tempered sword of freemen,
And the blades will never rust, boys, or in the scabbard rest,
Till they have checked the flowing tide of heathen.

CHORUS:—Our ticket forever, etc.

III.

We can count on willing helpers of mother, maid and wife,
From the waving prairie to the ocean,
And we'll keep our heart and hand from all faction, envy, strife.
That gender evil passion and commotion.

CHORUS:—Our ticket forever, etc.

IV.

Oh, the land is all alive, from the East unto the West,
We've got the lead and luck will not forsake us,
For the Opposition party if they do their level best,
Can never "catch their wind" to overtake us.

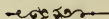
CHORUS:—Our ticket, forever, etc.

V.

Now, a word of kind regard to the sore-headed boys—
Take our advice you'll all get better,
Send to Doctor Blaine in Maine, for a dose of pine (k)not oil,
Warranted to cure all kinds of tetter.

CHORUS:—Our ticket, forever, etc.

"On to the Battle!"



Air—"Song of the Reapers." Key of G.

I.

Oh, what is the matter with the Cleveland blades?
They've left the field to seek the shades;
The reapers are dull, their headers are flat,
They can stuff all their fodder in a "Jim Blaine hat."

CHORUS:—On to the battle!—with us unite
To share in the glory of the coming fight;
For the people are going to elevate
Good Blaine and Logan to the Chair of State.

II.

Good Sammy doth no *bar'l* provide;
No *Butler* opens pantry wide;
Thur-man is left out in the cold,
The *Field* is lost, they are badly sold.

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

III.

Some bung must start and away they go,
To soothe their grief and drown their woe;
The clink of the coin is heard afar
As it rings on the deck of the grocery bar.

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

IV.

We are grieving much for the Democrats;
They'll have to wear their old "plug hats;"
When the coin is gone and the *barl's* dry,
They'll have to await "sweet by-and-by."

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

V.

Cleave up the Cleveland ticket, boys!
Its robbing you of all your joys;
The Cleve-land-lord is downcast quite;
They've almost given up the fight.

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

VI.

Dear Cleveland can not "raise the fare,"
To take him to the "White House Chair;"
His "Bills of Fare" in the "Empire State,"
Don't suit their appetite of late.

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

VII.

So now we wait for the funeral grand
To dig a hole in the bleaching sand,
By fair Salt River's flowing tide,
To plant the great unterrified.

CHORUS:—On to the battle! Etc.

An Office Or So.



Air—"Rosin the Bow." Key of F.

I.

You may travel this nation all over,
From North to the South you may go;
You will find some old "grizzly" awaiting
To "hug" to an office or so.

CHORUS:—To "hug" to an office or so,
To "hug" to an office or so;
You'll find some old grizzly awaiting,
To "hug" to an office or so.

II.

Stand up in a line about twenty,
Then give 'em a volley or so;
Expiring, they'll groan send us plenty
Of office to feed us below.

CHORUS:—Of office to feed us below,
Of office to feed us below;
Expiring, they'll groan send us plenty
Of office to feed us below.

III.

The hairs are so dry and so many,
And each wants a "piece" you all know,
So a *bar'l* of rosin is hardly
Enough for a Democrat's bow.

CHORUS:—Enough for a Democrat's bow,
Enough for a Democrat's bow;
A *bar'l* of rosin is hardly
Enough for a Democrat's bow.

IV.

If Clevey is *ever* elected,
Which *never* will happen, you know,
They'll all of them go in a bundle,
To gobble an office or so.

CHORUS:—To gobble an office or so,
To gobble an office or so;
They'll all of them go in a bundle
To gobble an office or so.

V.

When leaving this world and its pleasure
They start for another below;
They mumble, we hope to have leisure,
To tend to an office or so.

CHORUS:—To tend to an office or so,
To tend to an office or so;
They mumble, we hope to have leisure
To tend to an office or so.

"The Plumed Knight."



Air—"Red, White and Blue." Key of Eb.

I.

Come list to the song and the greeting
That soundeth afar o'er the land,
From the homes where the white crests are beating,
And the "Pines" proudly bow to the strand;
There is joy in the ranks of the lowly—
There is praise 'mong the noble and true
For the chief of their pride, who is nobly
Standing guard for the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS:—Standing guard for the Red, White and Blue,
Standing guard for the Red, White and Blue,
For the chief of their pride, who is nobly
Standing guard for the Red, White and Blue.

II.

In seasons of strife and commotion,
He stands for the cause of the race;
With firmness and loyal devotion,
His pathway in honor we trace;
The scars of the Nation are healing—
We turn our attention to view,
What dangers abroad are revealing
To the friends of the Red, White and Blue.

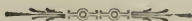
CHORUS:—To the friends of the Red, White and Blue,
To the friends of the Red, White and Blue,
What dangers abroad are revealing
To the friends of the Red, White and Blue.

III.

All hail! to the State by the billows!
All hail! to our "choice"—honor'd Blaine!
Let ease-takers rise from their pillows,
And follow the "Plumed Knight" of Maine;
He *has* conquered—*will* conquer ever,
When joined by the brave and the true—
For time, foe, or bribe can not sever
His heart from the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS:—His heart from the Red, White and Blue,
His heart from the Red, White and Blue,
For time, foe, or bribe can not sever
His heart from the Red, White and Blue.

"Hail! The Omen's Fair and Bright."



Air—"Hail Columbia." Key of C.

I.

Hail! the omens fair and bright—
Hail! the angel pinions white
Of peace and liberty, that bring
"Good will to men!" With upward wing
They bear away the glad refrain.
We sing for country, flag and Blaine—
Never more shall strife divide
Those who boldly stem the tide,
When wrong is flowing o'er the land,
And firmly for the right shall stand.

II.

Men of nerve are standing now,
Watching at Columbia's prow,
Lest the trusty cable slip,
Or some reef mar our good ship;
Let the gallant crew, with Blaine,
For commander, now sustain
All their efforts, as we sail
Through the typhoon or the gale,
Till we quietly shall moor
At an anchorage safe, secure.

III.

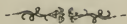
In the harbor, as we ride,
To the rise and fall of tide,
Rigging taut and canvas white
An inspection we invite;
Captain Blaine and Logan Mate
On the quarter-deck will wait,
To receive the heroes true
Who have helped to pilot through
Fair America! Good ship—
Ready for another trip!

Cleveland's Seventeen.

— — — — —
Air—"Yankee Doodle." Key of C.

- 1 Dad and I went cruising 'round,
A huntin' Captain Billing—
At last we actually found
Him *seventeen* a drilling.
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle has a lot,
All so trim and handy;
Blaine and Logan drills the boys
For Yankee Doodle Dandy.
- 2 They said they were discouraged quite;
Asked where the coin would come from;
They told the "Cap," "Don't drill to-night;
Let's go and take some rum-gun."
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.
- 3 Our feet are weary, tender, sore—
We doctor, but they still pain;
In fact, our suffering is more
Of an attack of chill-Blaine.
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.
- 4 Says Captain Billing, "Can't you see,
Them Blaineite boys will bark us?
Can no enthusiasm be,
Enthused in any carcass?"
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.
- 5 Says they, "Of all this drill we tire;
We never can resist 'em."
Then Captain Billing raised his ire
And positively hissed 'em.
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.
- 6 Then Mulligan he walked away,
McDoodle followed after,
And them Republicans, so gay,
Just snickered out with laughter.
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.
- 7 Them "seventeen" went one by one—
Alone was Captain Billing;
He took a nip and said "I'm done
With Democratic drilling."
CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, etc.

Keep the Field for Victory's Coming.



Air—"Hold the Fort." Key of D.

- 1 How the people's cause advances!
Triumph's "in the air;"
Lo! the "Knights" with glittering lances
Conquer everywhere.

CHORUS:—Keep the field, for victory's coming—
Blaine is in the van!
Gallant Logan, too, inspiring.
Courage in each man.

- 2 How the enemy's forsaken,
As their *thin* ranks lag;
All the game that's being taken,
Drops into *our* bag.
CHORUS:—Keep the field, etc.

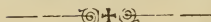
- 3 North and South the skies are brighter,
As the days go by;
East and West the lines draw tighter.
Soon the foe will fly.
CHORUS:—Keep the field, etc.

- 4 At their wits' end, how they clatter;
Cleveland's signalled ill;
Waft them—we know what's the matter—
Rabies—sure to kill.
CHORUS:—Keep the field, etc.

- 5 "Strong delusions" still they cherish;
Morbidity, vain desires;
Clinging to them they must perish
With unhallowed fires.
CHORUS:—Keep the field, etc.

- 6 Cleveland, would you be a *Father*
To this nation grand,
More *legitimate* your *purpose*
Must in future *stand.*
CHORUS:—Keep the field, etc.

"Pop, Goes Your Cleveland!"



Air—"Pop, Goes the Weasel." Key of G.

I.

There is an awful stir about,
To get the clans together;
They're drilling, stumping, rushing out,
In any sort of weather.

CHORUS:—Before the final vote is cast,
The boys are going to leave, and
When November comes at last,
Pop! goes your Cleveland.

II.

His aspirations are too high
For one of his intention—
He'd better far be drawing nigh
His wounded list, for pension.

CHORUS;—Before the final vote, etc.

III.

'Tis sad to think how high a man
May rise in estimation,
And then how fastly, too, he can
Drop into degradation.

CHORUS:—Before the final vote, etc.

IV.

The conscience of Republicans
Must prick them as they do talk
Of how they helped the many clans
To make him Gov. of New York.

CHORUS:—Before the final vote, etc.

V.

As when a cork doth pop and fly
From demijohn or bottle,
So he must pop away to die,
And overboard will topple,

CHORUS:—Before the final vote, etc.

"Greeting one Another as Freemen."

Air—"Old Cabin Home." Key of D.

I.

There is "music in the air,"
Sweetly floats o'er Southern climes,
From the Mississippi River to the Ocean,
Where they "picked de old banjo"
They now sing this goodly song,
Away down in their old sunny homes.

CHORUS:—Here where the old cabin home,
Held parents, sister or a brother;
Ended's the strife—awakened to life,
We are greeting as freemen one another.

II.

Tho' we're separated far
From the land of waving pines,
That bend their lofty boughs to ocean breezes,
We have caught the grateful strain,
To the "Man far off in Maine,"
Away down 'mid the old cabin homes.

CHORUS:—Here where the old cabin home. Etc.

III.

We will strike each other's hands,
Since complexion is no bar
To our love of country, flag, and happy union;
And together we will march
To the chorus of our song,
In the land of our old cabin home.

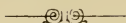
CHORUS:—Here where the old cabin home. Etc.

IV.

We will help you all we can,
In this blooming land so fair,
From the Mississippi River to the Ocean,
To elect and elevate
Blaine and Logan in each State,
Away down in our good Southern home.

CHORUS:—Here where the old cabin home. Etc.

When Blaine Goes on to Washington.



Air—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Key of G minor.

I.

When Blaine goes on to Washington,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll hail the Chief that vict'ry won,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The ladies they will all turn out,
The Democrats will face about,
And we'll all feel gay, when he goes to Washington,
And we'll all feel gay, when he goes to Washington.

II.

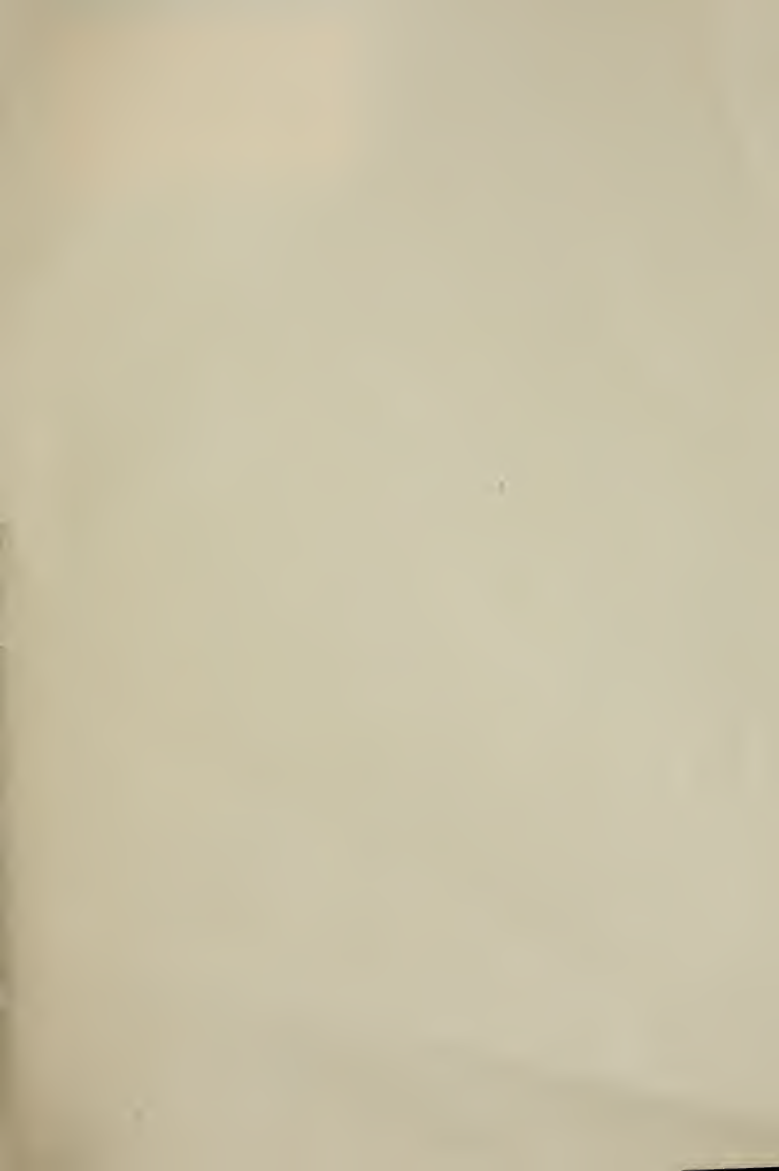
We'll treat the "dear departed" well,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For they will "cuss" the "Cleveland sell,"
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll make the thing unanimous,
And have the biggest kind of fuss,
And we'll all bloom out when he goes to Washington,
And we'll all bloom out when he goes to Washington.

III.

The world has now its eye upon,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The man of will and good backbone,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He'll give them all to understand,
He'll guard the rights of this fair land,
And we'll feel way up, when he goes to Washington,
And we'll feel way up when he goes to Washington.

IV.

This great Republic then will take,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
A nobler stand for freedom's sake,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Excelsior! will be our aim,
Sweet Liberty! our christend name,
And we'll all rise high when he gets to Washington,
And we'll all rise high when he gets to Washington.



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